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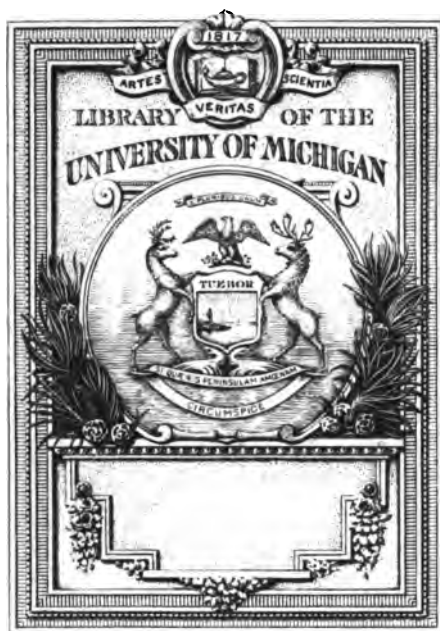
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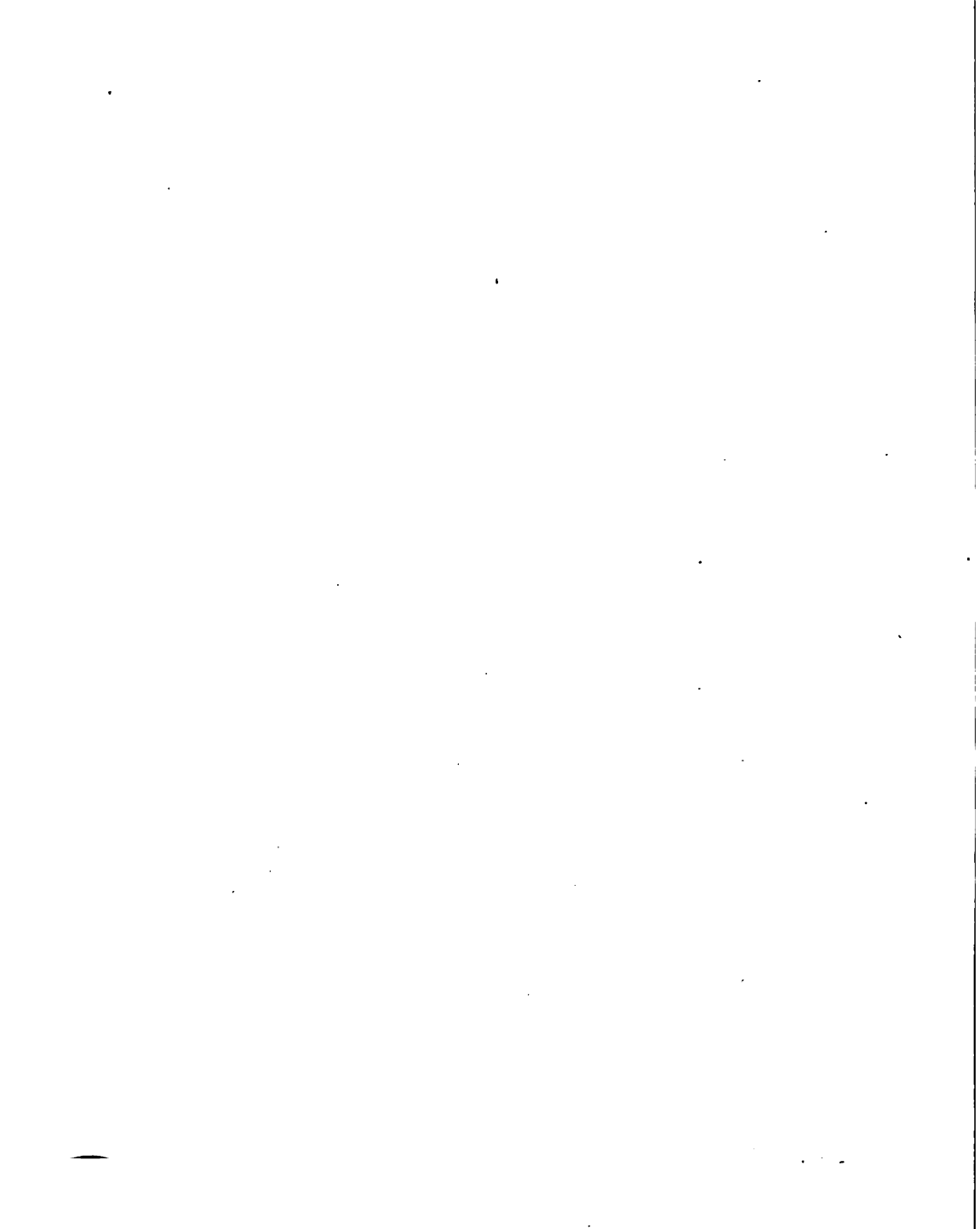
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828
W93'2
05

8th - Grade - Reading out loud

The Highwayman - Kays



ODE ON IMMORTALITY

AND LINES ON

365-29.

TINTERN ABBEY.

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

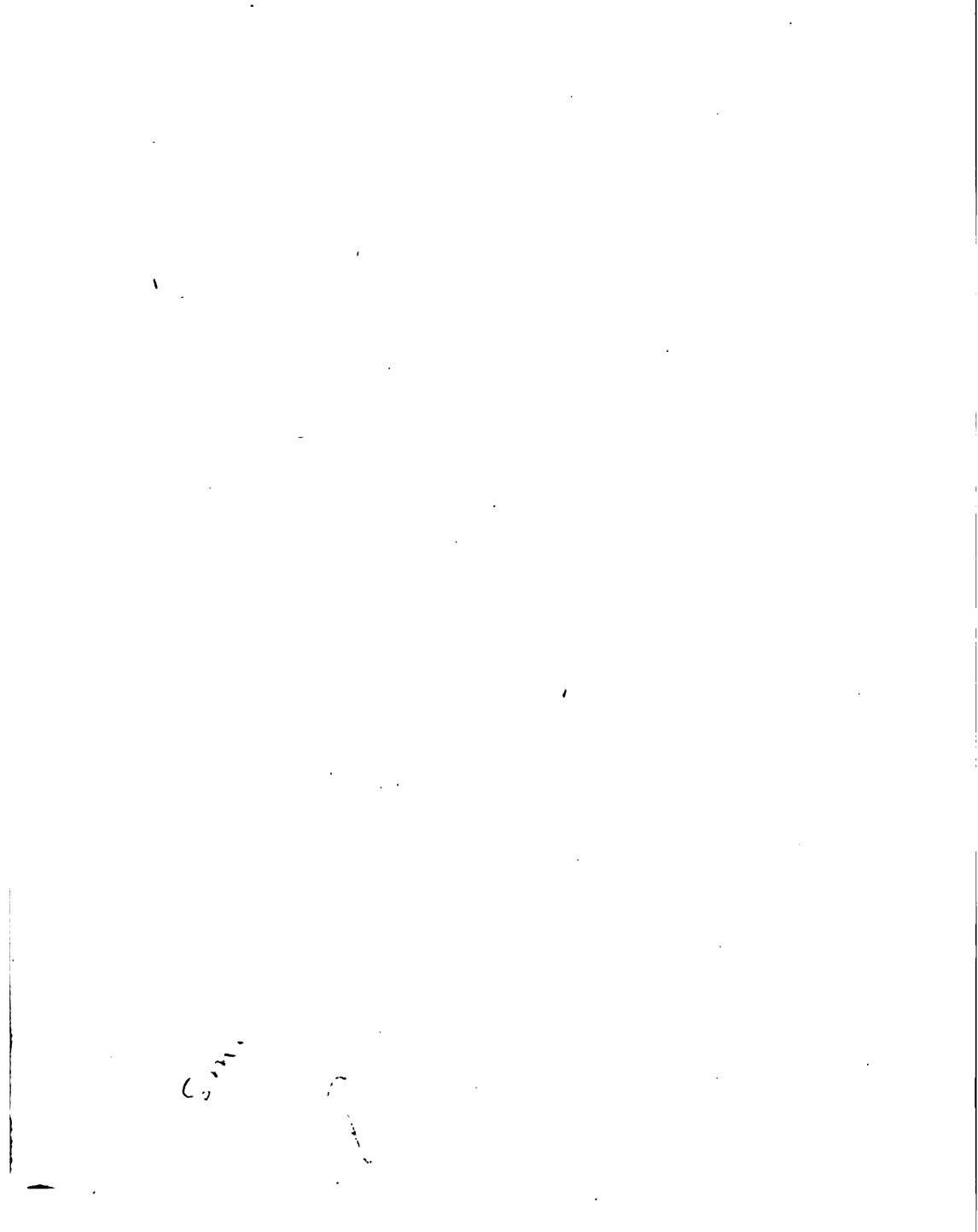
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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

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1885.

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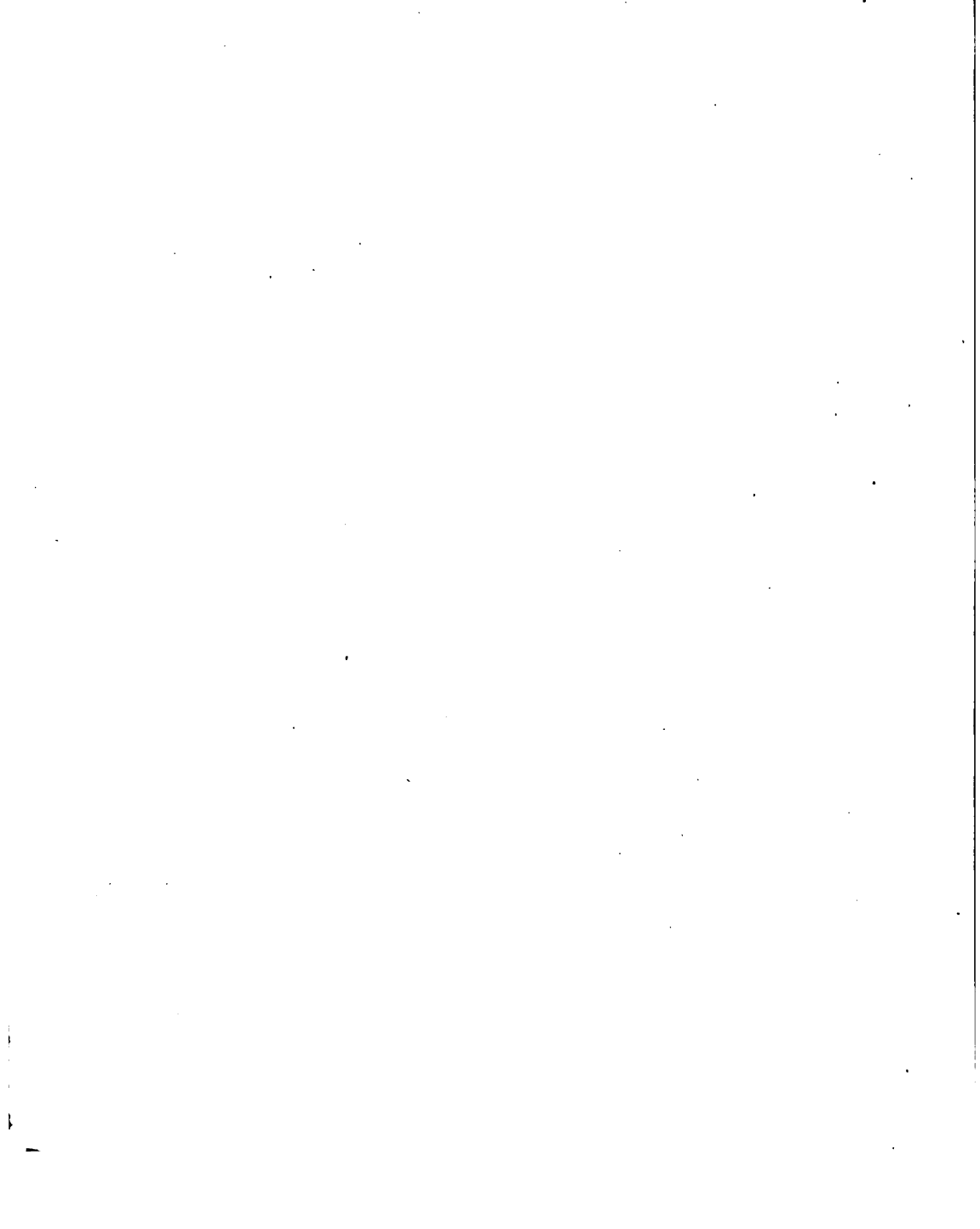


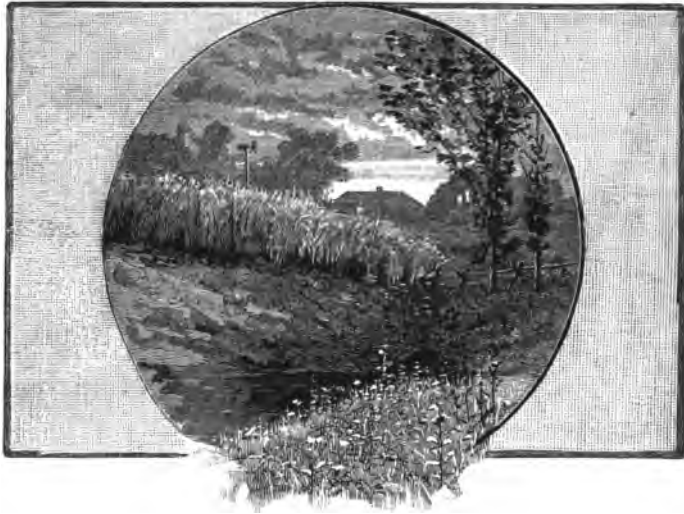
ODE :

*INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.*

“ The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”







I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

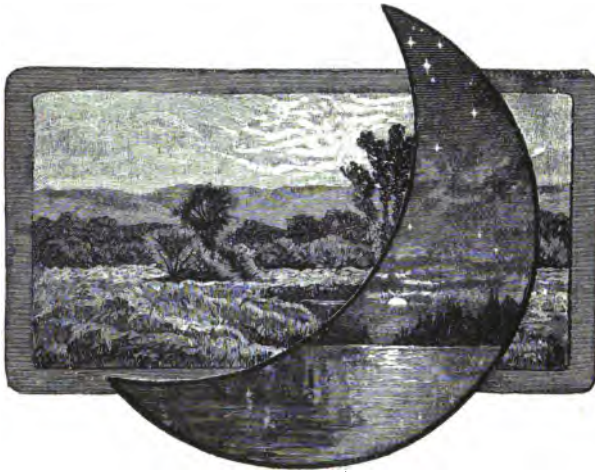
II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;



The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.



III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :



I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday !

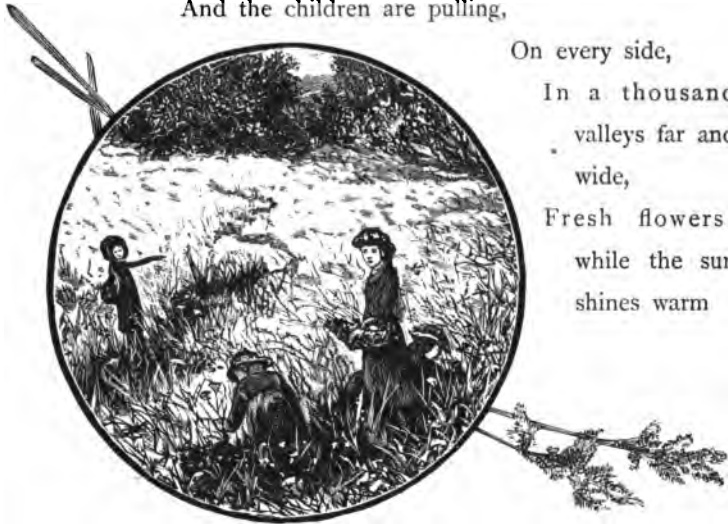


Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning ;
And the children are pulling,

On every side,
In a thousand
valleys far and
wide,
Fresh flowers ;
while the sun
shines warm



And the babe
leaps up on
his mother's
arm :—

I hear, I hear,
with joy I
hear!

But there's a
tree, of many
one,

A single field which I
have look'd upon,

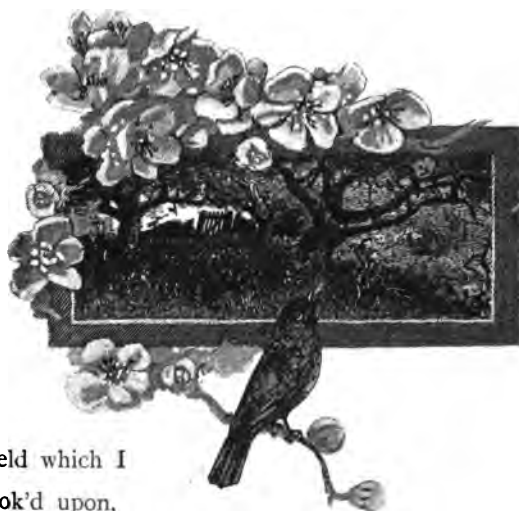
Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?



v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a for-
getting :

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;



Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close

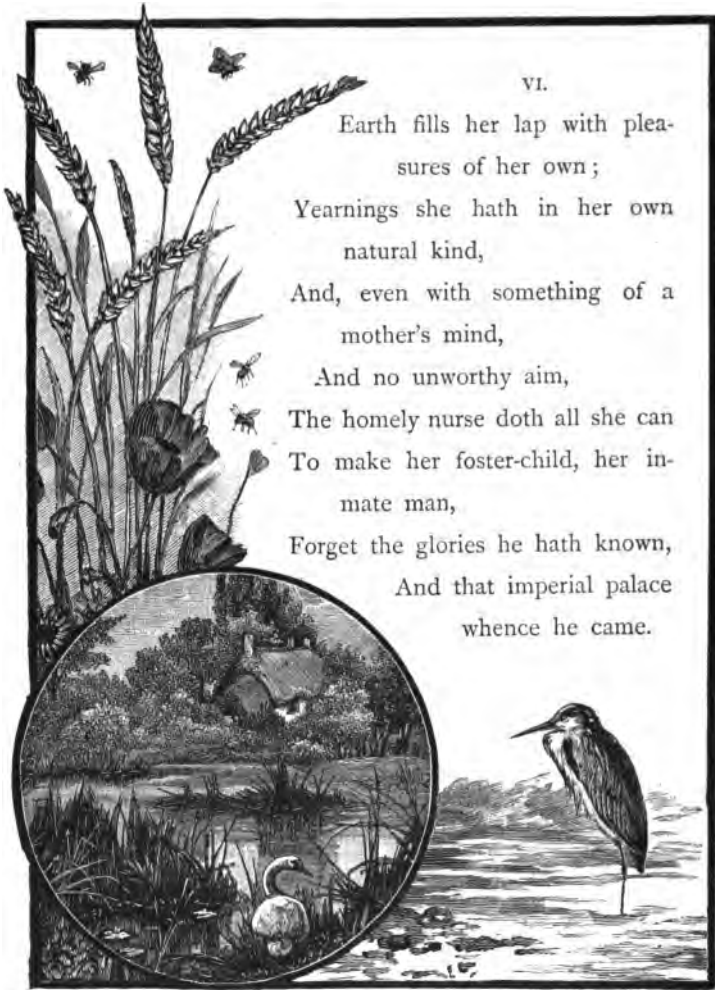
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east



Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.



VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size !

See, where 'mid work of

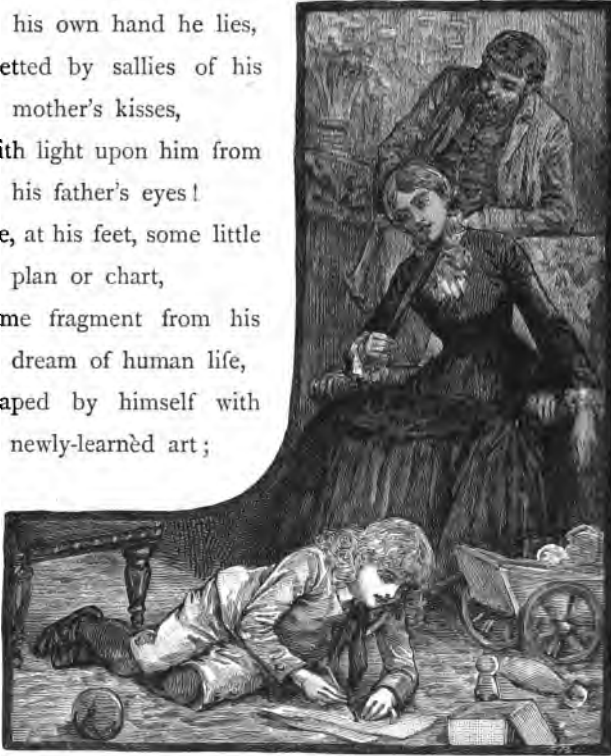
his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his
mother's kisses,

With light upon him from
his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little
plan or chart,

Some fragment from his
dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with
newly-learnèd art ;





A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love,
or strife ;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;



As if his whole vocation
Where endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

O joy, that in our embers
Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be bless'd—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Black misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts, before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;



Which neither listlessness, nor
mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon
the shore,
And hear the mighty
waters rolling
evermore.



x.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a
joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once
so bright

Be now for ever taken
from my sight,

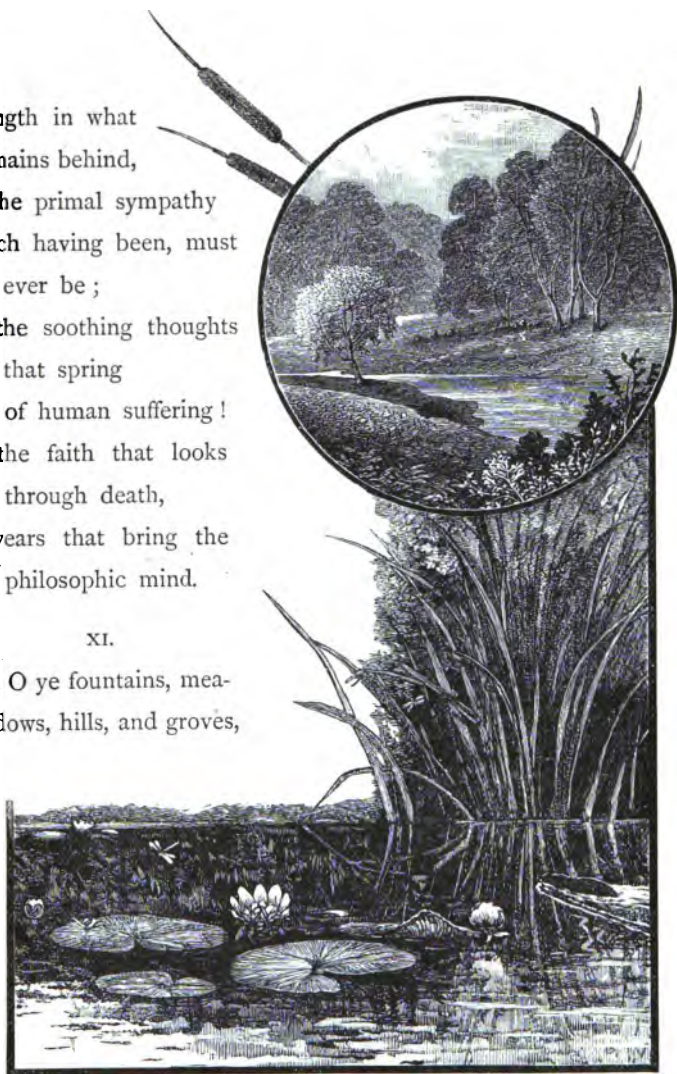


Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what
remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must
ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts
that spring
Out of human suffering !
In the faith that looks
through death,
In years that bring the
philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, mea-
dows, hills, and groves,



Think not of any severing of
our lives !

Yet in my heart of hearts I
feel your might ,

I only have relinquish'd
one delight,



To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks, which down their
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they :

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!

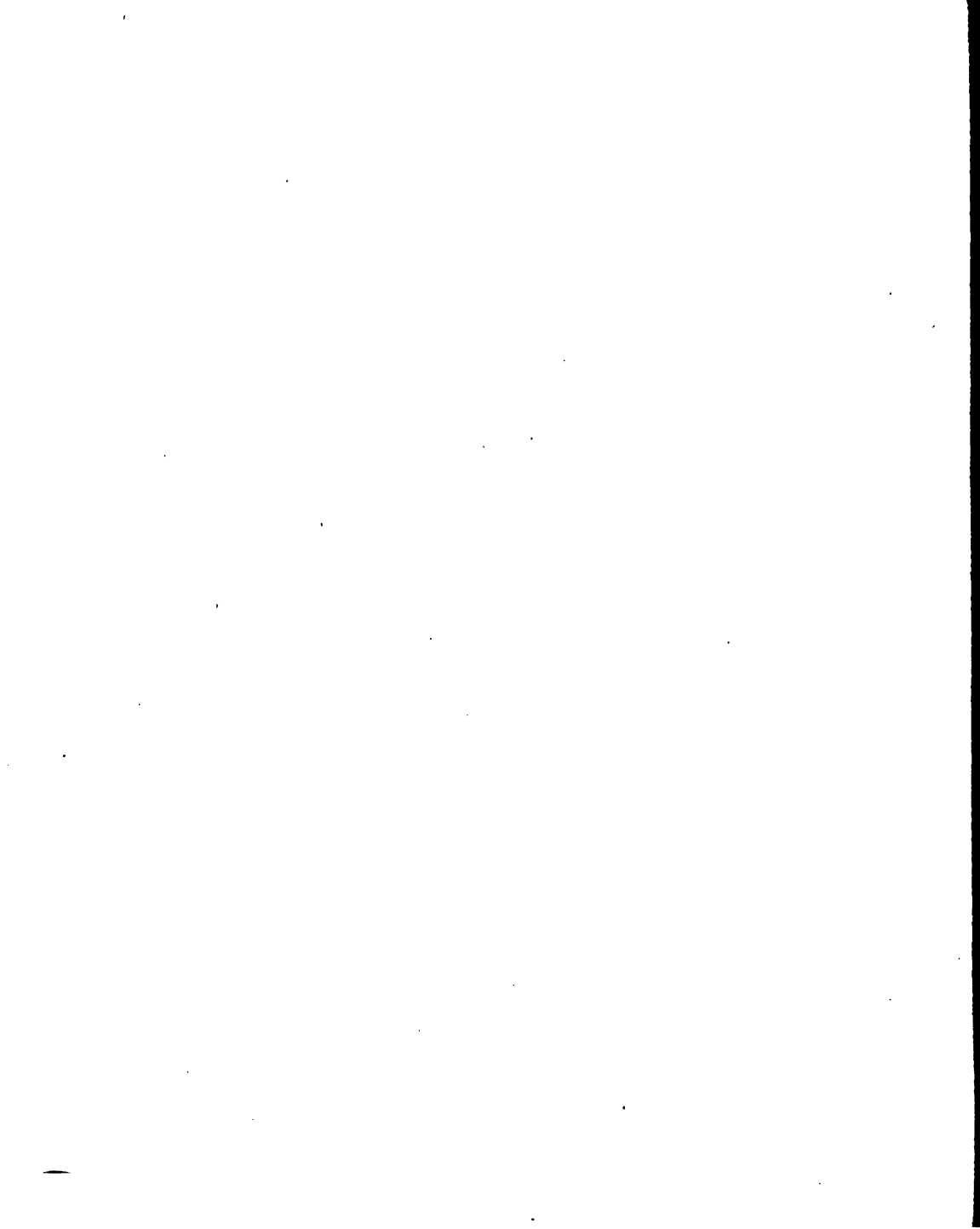


Another race hath been, and
other palms are won,



Thanks to the human heart by which we live
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.







LINES,

*COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING
THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.*

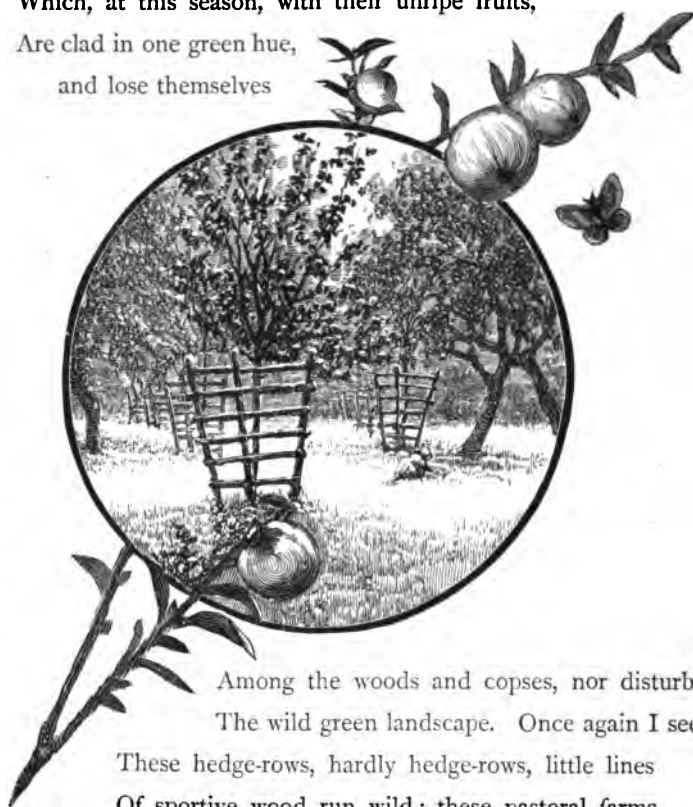






FIVE years have pass'd ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue,
and lose themselves



Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms

Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the
houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave,
where by his fire



The hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too



Of unremember'd pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the
weary weight,
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighten'd ;—that serene
and blessèd mood,
In which th' affections
gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this cor-
poreal frame,
And even the motion of our
human blood,
Almost suspended, we
are laid asleep
In body, and become a
living soul :



While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,



In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight—when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! Thou wand'rer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turn'd to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,

The picture of the mind revives again :

While here I stand, not only with the sense



Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

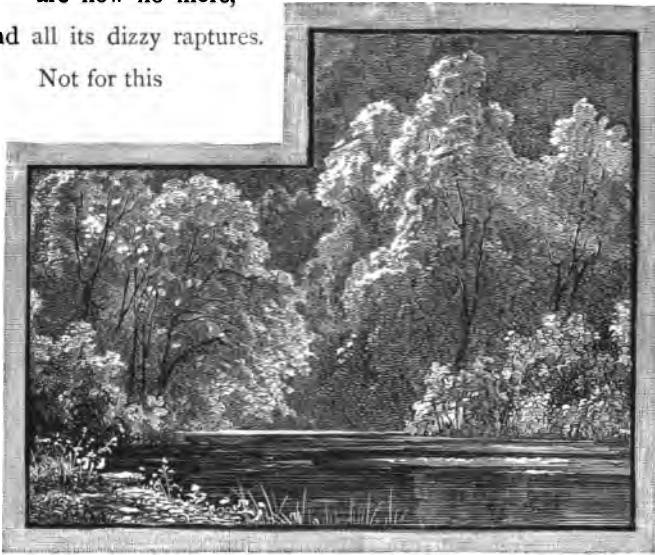


Of the deep rivers, and
the lonely streams,

Wherever Nature led ; more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint

What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys
are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures.
Not for this

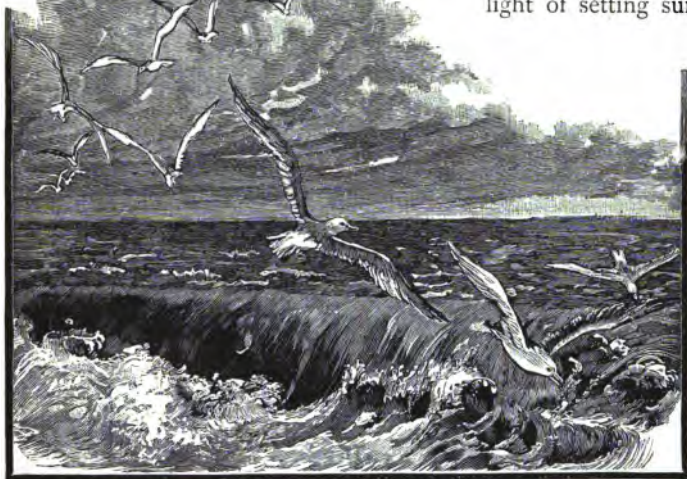


Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have follow'd, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd

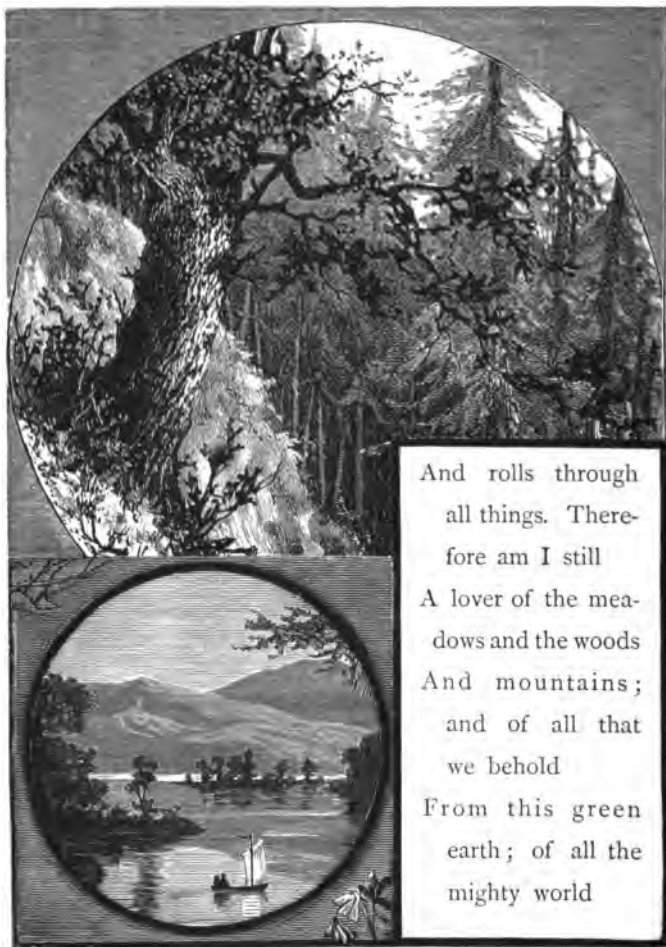


To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply inter-
 fused,
 Whose dwelling is the
 light of setting suns,



And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,



And rolls through
all things. There-
fore am I still
A lover of the mea-
dows and the woods
And mountains;
and of all that
we behold
From this green
earth; of all the
mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my
heart, and soul



Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay ;

For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,

My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights



Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her : 'tis her privilege,

Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed



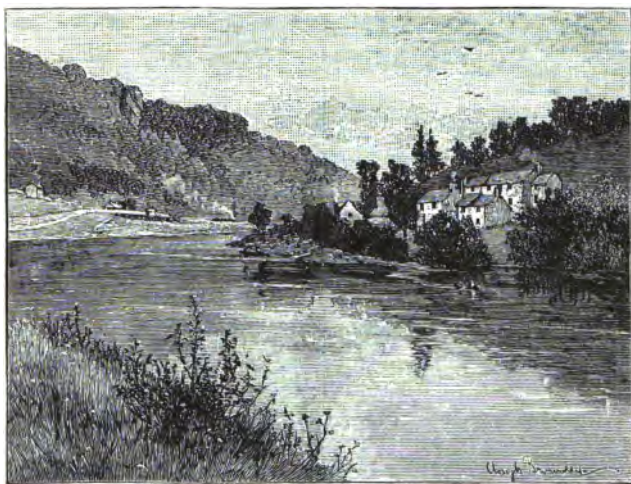
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free



To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place

For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,



And these my exhortations ! nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.



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